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P94

THE UNION.

AN ADDRESS

ON THE

DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES.

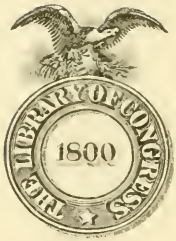
DELIVERED BY

DR. HENRY M. PRICE,

AT NICHOLAS C. H., VA.,

On the 22nd (Saturday 21) February 1857.

RICHMOND:
MACFARLANE & FERGUSSON.
1857.



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CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. HENRY M. PRICE:

Having heard your address on the 21st inst., and being desirous that the same may be printed, we ask of you a copy for publication.

Respectfully, yours, &c.,

R. DUNLAP.
JOHN McANEARY.
F. DUFFY.
D. O. KELLY.
JOHN F. CAMPBELL,
JOHN A. CALLOWELL.
J. M. MOORE,
JOHN DUFFY.
A. J. NABBGALL.
JNO. W. POWELL.

NICHOLAS C. H., VA., Feb. 21, 1857.

MESSRS. DUNLAP, MCANEARY, and others:

Gentlemen—Your note of the 21st inst., asking a copy of the Address I had the honor to deliver before you is at hand. I feel highly gratified that my humble effort should have so far met your approbation. A copy is at your disposal.

With feelings of esteemed respect,

HENRY M. PRICE.

NICHOLAS C. H., VA., Feb. 21, 1857.

THE UNION.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

We have assembled this day to commemorate the birth of Washington. One hundred and twenty five years ago—even within the space of life granted to some—was born him whose birth day every American delights to honor. How short, yet how momentous the events embraced within that short period of time! Then, where we now stand was the footpath of the savage. Civilization had not extended her benign influences beyond the Eastern ridge of our now mighty State. One vast illimitable wilderness,—occupied, alone, by the rude Indian and the wild denizens of the forest—save, perhaps, some solitary French Jesuit—extended from the Blue Ridge to the Pacific, its awful stillness unbroken, save only by the deadly warwhoop, or the angry growl of the wild beast.

Then, a few scattered and thinly settled colonies, bordering the Atlantic—driven from their homes by oppressions all-powerful hand, alone constituted the civilized strength of the land—owing and paying tribute to task masters, who respected neither right, justice, or religion; but whose stubbon yoke was upon them, as out of, and beyond the pale of law, reason, justice, or humanity. The hand of *Power* was upon them; and oppression loaded them with her chains,—drawing a laborious support from the untenanted soil, rifle in hand, under the constant alarms of the savage warwhoop, or the dread of the deadly tomahawk, and scalping knife. Yet, they grew. The Eye of the Almighty was upon them, and He held them in His right hand. Him, who scanned and fixed the destinies of vast worlds upon worlds from the beginning. Him, who spake nations into existence. Him, who raised up the mighty Babylon, and promised the king-

dom of the Meade and the Persian. Him, who prospered the Greek, to carry out His purposes. Him, who foretold the destiny of the Jews, and the vast power of Rome. He had his eye upon them—waiting the fulness of time to raise up a mighty nation—composed of all nations, sects, religions, to fulfil his Almighty idea—a self-governing people. A people, free from King, Prince or Potentate, who should possess within themselves the power of self-government, without anarchy or confusion. An idea, He had in vain impressed upon His chosen people, the Jews, as essential to their happiness and well being—but, who being a stiff neck and rebellious race, hearkened not to his voice, and were deaf to his admonitions. Centuries had rolled round—nation upon nation had been raised up, and been cast down. Civilization and knowledge had vanished from earth, under the rude hand of despotism. The world groaned with ignorance; and the very Heavens were rent by its blindness and idolatry. God's purpose was unalterable. The fulness of time was at last come. The faint glimmerings of Protestantism had shed its cheering rays into the vast depths of this illimitable and profound darkness. Men at last reasoned,—thought, spoke. The power of God was upon them; and even the fear of torture, or death, failed to suppress the mighty heavings and force of truth, and growing knowledge. True religion, like Noah's dove, now waived her snowy pinions over the hitherto impenetrable abyss; and the Almighty saw His fixed purpose to man in his creation,—to prove his self-government—might be accomplished. Men, impressed by the same sublime idea, alone were wanting; but, God had prepared the way for their impress. Statesmen, Philosophers, Warriors were wanted: men possessing vast powers of mind, without the sordid ambition of rule. And these the Almighty formed—creating the men for the times and purposes.

Upon the banks of the smooth flowing Potomac was born George Washington—he whose destiny it was to play the most important and conspicuous part in this great develop-

ment: to lead his countrymen to victory, to glory, and to liberty. Of him, eulogy to Americans is a work of supererogation. His epitaph is indelibly engraved upon the heart of every freeman. While earth shall revolve in the vast sphere of creation—and the sun "give forth day unto day;" and nightly the glittering stars deck the blue illimitable expanse of Heaven; while freedom shall meet a responsive echo in the chaos of desolving worlds, or *Liberty* find an accordant beat in the heart of one solitary being of the future—Washington's name will be remembered, revered and cherished!

Of him we shall not speak: but of the mighty people—extending from the broad Atlantic to the confines of the vast Pacific—whose hearts this day beat responsive to ours, in offering thanks to the Almighty for his generous care and protection of us as a Nation!

Freedom's last expiation had been made upon the uttermost limits of our native State. The sandy shores of Yorktown smoked with the blood of the last victims that were sacrificed at her shrines. The lamented Montgomery had shed his last blood and rendered up life at Quebec. The gallant Moultrie had defeated the British fleet of Charleston. The lion-hearted Allen had demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Marion had signalized himself by prowess and bravery in the swamps of South Carolina. Warren had offered up life as a libation to freedom at Breed's Hill. Gates had reaped the fruits of Schuyler's admirable arrangements in the surrender of Burgoyne. Washington had crossed the Delaware, and gained the success that cheered the last expiring sparks of freedom. The brave Stark had sworn the defeat of the Hessians at Benington—or Molly Stark's as widow. Col. Washington had made his mark at the Cowpens and Col. Howard his decisive charge. The battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth had been fought. The hardy mountaineers had fought and won the battle of

King's Mountain. · The Vale of Wyoming had felt the ruthless fury of the British savage. Lafayette had distinguished himself. The gallant De Kalb had fallen gloriously at Camden and Pulaski at Savannah.

Every section had equally felt the ruthless fury of war, and each Colony had offered up her devoted sons upon the altars of Liberty. The blood of the foreigner had flowed commingled with the blood of the American. The life of the Catholic had been offered as a propitiary sacrifice with that of the Protestant in behalf of our land of freedom, which should know no people, no country, no sect, no religion—but as the blood of all had equally flowed in the sight of High Heaven—and as all had equally undergone the same privation and suffering, it should be free to all, irrespective of nation, or religion—but, that the inhabitants of every land, and every clime, might shelter under its protection, and worship the "Living God" in their own ways—"Under their own vine and fig tree," with none to molest them, or to make them afraid.

Great Britain had exhausted her strength and her treasure. Her children, "flesh of her flesh," and "bone of her bone," inured to danger in the howling wilderness to which she had forced them—together with those whom the oppressions of their own mother lands had forced to their bosom, and to their aid, to exercise the dictates of conscience, were too powerful for her—the freedom of the Colonists was declared—throbs of revolution and war had given birth to a new nation. Puritan, Quaker, Unitarian, Catholic, Episcopalian, Baptist, Hugenot, Methodist, were all alike declared free and independent. Free to select their own rulers—free to worship God in their own way. Here was indeed a Millenium! The Lion and the Lamb of Europe did indeed lie down together. But they had all united in the cause of freedom, and were equally entitled to her blessings. All, from Harmon Husband, the soul of the Regulators of North Carolina, to John Adams of Massachusetts, each and every

sect, from the "strait homespun coat" to the "frill shirt bosom," had done their duty. North Carolina had fought the battle of Alamance, as Massachusetts had that of Breed's Hill; and while the present assigns the first stroke for Liberty to the latter, impartial history will award it to the former. While Massachusetts has justly raised the colossal stone to commemorate the life blood shed upon her soil—the heroes of Alamance are unknown and unnoted. They who did indeed resist oppression unaided, are forgot—while others claim the honors. But their blood has ascended to High Heaven as the first sweet incense of Liberty, and their worldly reward is yet for them. The little North State can always claim of her sisters homage for the first blood shed in the cause of Freedom, though her Bay State sister now wears the laurel unjustly snatched from her brow.

Peace extended her benign influence over three millions of freemen, composing thirteen colonies, possessing diversified views and interests. Debts were to be paid from an already over exhausted Treasury—provisions to be made for those who shed their blood for their country—marching naked over the frozen hills of the North, the burning sierras of the South, and starving through the almost impassable mountain defiles—commercial relations to be established; and defence provided for the extended frontiers, both by sea and land. To establish a Central Government, which should supervise and consolidate the strength of the whole, without infringing upon the rights, interests or internal affairs of either, required the discretion of the sage, the wisdom of the philosopher, and the deep forecast of the Statesman. But the Almighty had raised up the men for the times. That glorious instrument—the palladium of our liberty and strength—the Constitution, was the result of their united wisdom. Its trunk was set deep in soil enriched by the blood and suffering of our common ancestors; and all the thirteen branches engrafted upon it, to be equally nourished, vivified and supported; and each respectively put forth its own foliage, blossoms and fruit—

and drawing nutriment from the sun of Liberty, in return furnish sustenance to strengthen and sustain the common centre. Thus creating one whole, entire Union. And while that glorious stock, the Constitution, remains unmutilated, unscathed, so long will branch upon branch put forth in every direction—drawing more sustenance, and returning more nutriment to strengthen the whole, until its dimensions shall be coextensive with the great North American Continent, and extending protection to the isles of the two vast oceans—and shielding the inhabitants of every nation and every clime :—the Tartar and the Chinese ; the Russian and the Turk ; the German and the Italian ; the Anglo-Saxon and the Frenchman ; the Spaniard and the Moor ; the Portuguese and the Japanese ; the Greek and the Persian ; the oppressed Son of the Emerald Isle and the brave and free son of the Helvetic Republic ; the Thug of India and the "Cannie Sawnie" of the North Highlanders. The Mosque shall be reared with the Cathedral—the Synagogue with the Protestant Chapel. The serf of Europe shall find employment and support in the North and vast immense West ; and the sooty African be protected, supported and Christianized in the sunny South ! But, alas ! if the rude hand of vandalism be lain upon the trunk, or the devastating shocks of fanaticism and sectionalism should rend it in twain ; and sever its now rich, fair and glorious branches, the heating rays of oppression would exfoliate its bark. The trunk would become dry and worthless. Noxious germs would exude from its body, loathsome excrescences form upon the surface, the rents and rottenness would domiciliate every loathsome insect ; its revivifying juices would be extracted. Trunk—limb—branch, would undergo premature decay. No blossoms—no fruit ; and in a few years, this now noble tree would be blasted to the very roots. The locusts of arbitrary power, would destroy the living fruits, now protected by its genial shade and the mighty *Sirocco* of despotism would sweep over the land with its devastating influences. Liberty would retreat in despair to the snowy re-

cesses of Helvetia—and freedom be dragged in the car of some modern Tamerlane. Ignorance and barbarism would again assert their prerogative. The rich flowing field would give place to the wilderness; the well drained surface to swamps and morasses—breeding only the noxious reptile—the lowing kine to the howl of the wild beast. Fair cities would be forgot—New York would become some fishing village whose only tonage some small fishing smack, without trace of former greatness—New Orleans a bed for the musquito and alligator—Boston would be undistinguishable save, perhaps, by the monument erected to her departed patriots. Cities, towns, villages would be blotted from existence—and pass away as speedily as they sprang forth. The bison would again resume his native haunts—dark, deep, impenetrable barbarism cover the whole land. Man would seek in vain for traces of former empire, art or science.

Is this picture too highly wrought? Go, seek in the vast and arid desert for Thebes! Dig deep into earth's bowels for some relic of Ninevah or Babylon—as the lion stares with fiery eye upon you—the Hyena bristles at your approach—or the gilded serpent hisses as he darts from you. Ask for the site of ancient Troy—or seek in vain the cities of Eutrusca. Go, fix yourself upon some smouldering ruin of Carthage, or look in vain for the ancient beauties of Jerusalem. Ask, where is Tyre? or seek in the decaying ruins of Greece or Rome for traces of former greatness. Alas! if we do not profit by example, a similar fate may speedily await us—leaving only traditionary data of former greatness.

The Israelites of old deposited the tablets of Moses with the Ark—encased in shittimwood and fine gold—the Constitution is engraved in the heart of every AMERICAN PATRIOT! The first words our sons should lisp, should be Freedom, the Constitution and its Compromises. To revere this instrument, the result of the combined wisdom and forecaste of our forefathers, should be impressed upon them, from the very cradle, and faithfully to carry into effect its compromises, as

a first duty, tending to the perpetuity and glory of this vast Republic, should be as strictly inculcated upon them, as the commandments—for *He* that was wanting in respect to the former, will have none for the latter. We see the very men, now, who infringe the requirements of the Constitution, or would do so if they could, are calling aloud, not only for another Constitution—but, alas! for another Bible and another God. Sacrilege to Heaven is but a step from sacrilege to country.

When I hear men calculating the value of the UNION in sordid dollars and cents—as they would some worthless merchandise—it seems as if some Medusa head had turned every patriotic throbbing of the heart to stone. Such *wretches* are unworthy the rich boon of Freedom. No patriotic pulsation throbs within their breast. Revering not the memories of the mighty dead they would incite political storms, hoping to arrive at power on the crests of its mighty waves. Trust not such men in office; their soul is a charnel house for corruption, for bribery, and for treasons; they would sell their noble birthrights for a mess of pottage, and give the locks of our strength for the smiles of some specious Deliah.

Would they value the Union? Let them go to the manifold fields of carnage, in every State of the Union—let them gather up, drop by drop, the blood shed for freedom and the Union—weigh them, value them, if they can or dare. Let them sum up the sufferings of our forefathers, by heat and by cold, on the burning sands of summer and in the chilling blasts of winter; let them follow them naked and starving over frozen hills and icy plains; let them go to the prison ship, and hear the agony of groaning despair; let them go to the savage stake, and witness such torture, as one moment, were more than the price of an empire; let them sum up the rapines and murders, houseless women, and starving children; let them sum these up; then let them fix the price thus, not till then can they dare place estimates upon the *Union* and the Constitution. The price is *Liberty* and Strength. But,

we indeed despair of the UNION, and all its concomitant blessings, when we witness a grave Senator—upon whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of a Webster, a man of acknowledged literary ability—prostituting the rich mental gifts of the Almighty Creator in defamation of any of the departed heroes of the Revolution, using his powers in order to gain the plaudits of hotel servants and chamber maids, and the ephemeral praise of a sect of fanatics in libelling one section of the Union; and suffering his mental vigor to become so depraved, as to resort to language that would have put the commonest huckster of Billingsgate to the blush. Methought the shade of Webster would have raised and torn the senatorial mantle from his shoulder. That as he turned to face Mount Vernon, the countenance of the Father of his Country scowling upon him, would have made him shrank abashed in his place. That as he uttered his malign villifications, the spirits of Hancock, Adams, King, would have hurled him from his seat. And, when he returned to his native State, if he dare face Breed's Hill, the angry ghosts of the departed patriots and heroes would have dragged him to the nethermost depths of the deepest damnation. We know not the feeling of Massachusetts, the Gods have blinded her and made her mad. But had any Southern Senator so far have forgotten his dignity, and the reverence due to the things and men of the Revolution, as to cast implications upon any of our sister States or her departed heroes, no matter his position, his talent, or his party, he would have been forced to resign his undeserved honors and be cast into the very deepest depths of oblivion. The very mention of his name would have caused a pang of horror, this very sight would be the signal of the most damning insult. Sunk, degraded indeed, must be that mind that could touch with scoffing the mains of the mighty dead. Reviled on earth, rejected by Heaven, and scowled upon by devils, the nethermost pits of damnation were a paradise to him.

In the year 1787, just sixty-nine years ago, the Federal

Constitution was adopted. What changes have been wrought within that period! Self-government was then deemed a *chimera*. The Sovereignties of Europe deemed that anarchy must result from what seemed to them only an idle and vain experiment. To them, the idea that a mighty nation, strong in both its internal and external resources, without some arbitrary sovereign rule, should spring up, seemed an Utopia. Even the mother country deemed it but the wild and wayward experiment of restless and prodigal children, who soon tiring, would be forced to return by necessity to the parent fold. But day by day we grew in power, in wealth, and in greatness. Extending our open arms to the suffering masses of Europe, whose hearts panted for freedom, offering them homes, protection, freedom, and a brothers' welcome beneath the broad ægis of the Young Republic, millions flocked to our shores to aid, enrich and strengthen us; and daily we grew in population, in wealth, in power, and all the characteristics of national greatness. Mighty forests sank before the sound of the pioneer's axe; meadows of living green replaced the brambles of the brooklet; rich fields of waving grain supplanted the rank vegetation of Nature; the wild beast of the forest retired trembling at the lows of the domestic kine; the red man and the buffalo, at the hum of the bee. Wild savannas waved with fields of tall maize and cane, and the variegated blossoms of the cotton. The fertile banks of the beautiful Ohio, and the broad plains of theturbid Mississippi, sound with the busy voices of teeming millions. The snow-capped Cordilleras of the Rocky Mountains have in vain towered upwards to the Heavens, to restrain the mighty and magical progress of the Anglo-Saxon. The last resting place of the Red man, on the fertile and genial plains of the Columbia, has felt the resistless force of the white man. Civilization and freedom, now perched upon the highest crests of the lofty Cordilleras, smilingly extending from ocean to ocean—behold the results of their Union! They turn to the east, or to the west; to the north, or to the

south: thousands of steamboats ply the streamlets of the vast Continent; the shrill whistle of the engine startles the repose of every quarter; sail and canal boats ply to deliver the superfluous produce of the groaning earth; the ports of the vast oceans are dotted with the snow white sails that waft the superfluous foods of this bountiful country to a starving world. The busy spindle twirls with untiring zeal, to clothe naked millions. The careless, happy, and contented African of the sunny South, chaunts his way as he capers to the fields that furnish the necessities and luxuries of the earth; and the daily laborer of the North thoughtfully plods his way to ply the machinery that supplies a thousand hands. The sturdy laborer explores the bowels of the Alleghanies for coal and iron; and the reckless adventurer washes the sands of the Sierra Nevada for gold. Nature has yielded to the power and resistless energy of the engineer: mountains tunnelled, and deep ravines and gorges filled up, and the iron bands of the rail-road now unite, connect and cement us. Space has been annihilated by the powerful but secret force of magnetism. Cities, towns, and villages have sprang into existence with a magic before unknown to the Universe. Thousands of spires ascend the skies, to mark the House of the Almighty; and millions of bells send forth their deep, sonorous sounds to summons the countless millions to worship the *Living God*, and return him devout thanks for his watchful care of them as a nation, and to entreat a continuation of His protection and strength for the future.

Even the few remnants of the once barbarous and savage sovereigns of this mighty land, feel the resistless energy and force of Civilization. Within the small confines allotted them by the restrictive force of the white man—the tomahawk is giving place to the plough-share; the scalping-knife to the pruning hook; the hieroglyphic and wampum bead to the printing press. Who shall say, but after the lapse of a few years, when under the powerful force of civilization and knowledge, they shall assume a political position in the coun-

cils of the nation—but that some descendant of Tecumseh, Logan, Cornstalk, Black Hawk, or Osceola, endowed with the keen perceptions, extensive abilities, and true eloquence of the aborigines, may not rule the destinies of the Republic, and lead it to more extensive fields of glory and power! Nor have our commercial relations, as a nation, been behind that of our internal advancement. Without a navy at the formation of the Constitution, and with the very barest excuse for shipping, and strong prejudice unjustly existing against that arm of defence; yet, possessing all the elements of commercial greatness, vast wildernesses of ship timber, rich soil for the production of cordage, extensive fields of pine for the yield of pitch, and withal, a brave, hardy, and indefatigable race of men—our vessels dot the vast expanse of waters. On every ocean, on every sea, and in every port, waves the Star Spangled Banner of our beloved Country. The whalers of Nantucket pierce the frozen barriers of the Northern and Southern zones; the merchantmen of Boston and New York seek "a market" in every clime; and the clippers of Baltimore outstrip the wind in search of a "ready market." Our navy has shown its prowess on the ocean, sea, and inland waters; causing by their skill, bravery, and unconquerable determination, the name of an American to be respected in every country, every clime, and every zone. The names of Decatur, Lawrence, Perry, Bainbridge, Hull, Jones, Allen, Burrows, Porter, McDonough, Blakely, and a host of others, have been crowned with imperishable honors. Nor, while evincing gallantry and bravery in battle, have they been wanting in aid to science: Maury's reputation is co-extensive with the civilized world; Lynch has explored the Jordan, and Span the Asphaltic lake; Wilkes breasted the very uttermost limits of the icy barriers of the Southern pole; Herndon and Gibbon exhibited the vast resources of the Amazon and its tributaries; Gillis pursued his Astronomical and Scientific pursuits on the heaving earth of Chili: Indeed, wherever science, literature, or philanthropy called,

some one of our hardy seamen has responded, and they have been found ready for every danger, every enterprise, and every suffering.

Nor have our armies shown less devotion, bravery or prowess. Twice has the tocsin of war sounded through our beloved land, and nobly been responded to by thousands of volunteer citizen soldiery, whose souls panted within them, to achieve high, chivalrous deeds; and with rare exceptions, nobly have they performed their duty—proving themselves equal to any troops in the world, in all the characteristics of the good soldier; in the camp, in the force march, in the battle, in the siege, in the storm—but seldom in the retreat. Officers would spring up, as by magic, on all sides, ready to lead in any danger, and capable for any emergency. They dared mighty deeds for honor, and achieved great things for the glory of their country. When duty no longer called, quietly they retired to their social avocations, to show, perhaps, some honorable scar, or recount the daring or reckless deeds in danger shown by each other; while the heart would swell with high emotion, and memory's unbidden tear dim the eye. With such a *race*, we need no standing army! Nor fear the combined troops of the world! We are unconquerable!

Nor have our international affairs been managed with less wisdom, justice, or discretion. Keeping free from all entangling alliances; knowing our rights, we have, in every instance, strenuously and firmly caused them to be respected. Willing to take active part with the world, in all that may extend commerce, or mollify the horrors of war, we have rent the last relics of feudalism, which perched upon the rocks of Thor, and enchained the roaring Baltic. Desiring peace, but fearing not war, we have said to the Monarchies of Europe, "So far shalt thou go, but no farther!" Settle among yourselves the balances of power, but let no eye be turned, no hand extended, no foot-print made upon the sands of this mighty hemisphere.

Such is now our national position. But, alas! Eden had her serpent, and the deadly asp coils beneath the fairest flower. Sectionalism now tempts with the apple of bastard philanthropy, on the one hand; and the asp of Disunion coils beneath the flowery meads of the other; the one would rend the Constitution; the other would strike the vitality of the Union. But, thank God! there is too holy a reverence in all patriotic hearts for the one, and too powerful an antidote in Union for the other. The hissings of both will have but an ephemeral existence, and leave only a terrible warning to the Country in the awful crisis they have passed.

Then, what a destiny looms up before us in the dim, shadowy outline of the future! While the lion of Great Britain and the bear of Russia contend over the yet breathing corse of Persia; while Greece, resuming some part of her pristine prowess, snatches the vestiges of her former greatness from the Turk; while France rent with the mighty throes of revolution, upon revolution; while Central Europe convulsed with the reiterated efforts of Poland and Hungary to assume their lost political positions; while Spain and Portugal dream over past greatness, and former fabulous wealth; while a world shall agonize with the horrors of ruthless war—this mighty republic, strong in Union and all the internal elements of greatness, will extend her arm to the North, and the land rich in the memories of Montcalm, of Wolf, and of Montgomery, gather in her fold; turn her eye to the South, and the fairy lands of the Montezumas will be one in her bright galaxy, to be strengthened and protected from internal anarchy and confusion; the Central American States be prospered under her wing; Cuba become a glittering star in the constellation, her genial breezes, loaded with earth's richest perfumes, be softened by the refreshing blandishments of Liberty; Jamaica, under a mild servitude, resume her former position in supplying the luxuries of man; the semi-barbarous hordes of Hayti, be again reduced to former, and proper, social position; Brazil, under the force of just and im-

peritive international principles, be compelled to open the vast inland waters of the Amazon to the free commerce of the world; and the energy and enterprise of the Anglo-American will draw from its immense valleys a commerce and a wealth, to which that of fabulous India were but as an idle tale. Then, this mighty *Union*, with a territory to satisfy the most exalted ambition; a population to which that of China will be as nothing; a commerce to which the present tonage of the world, thrice told, would be inadequate; with machinery to which the countless spindles of Great Britain would be as a comparison; with gorgeous cities upon the Atlantic and the Pacific whose population and magnificence would be deemed an idle fable; and with a wealth and a luxury which the most gorgeous eastern imagination could never encompass! Then, when the Anglo-Saxon shall be the dialect of the whole earth, the Anglo-American may decide the destinies of the world in some terrible and hard fought battle on the plains of Palestine, and proclaim, that the Prince of Peace shall reign triumphant for a thousand years, and Christ dwell in the hearts of the whole earth, forever more!

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